PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-39

SUNSET CARNIVAL THIS AFTERNOON

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 10 • No. 19 CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MAY 12, 1939 FIVE CENTS

SAYS THE EDITOR

SHE WAS SO VERY, VERY BEAUTIFUL, BUT—

. . . she thought VAT 69 was the Pope's telephone number.

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A COMMERCIAL TRAVESTY

We know a mother who gets a telegram once a year—on the second Sunday in May. It doesn't thrill her; it doesn't make her happy; it makes her sad. It makes her wonder how her first-born can resort to this cheap observance of a commercially-inspired holiday. As long as he does not care enough to write her a post card in February or a note in October, the telegram in May does not warm—it chills. We wonder how much money the telegraph companies, the candy manufacturers and the florists make on heart-stabs alone.

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NOT MUCH SENSE IN THIS ANTI-SELF-PERPETUATION

There has been a lot of talk around the Carmel city council table lately about what is called "self-perpetuation" in the recommendations of re-appointments on non-elective municipal boards. It appears that Mayor Herbert Heron and Councilman Frederick Bechdolt are much opposed to constant re-appointments of incumbent members on the library board and the parks commission.

They have said and repeated: "We have no personal objection to the appointees, but we are against this self-perpetuation as a principle."

The more we think of this attitude on the part of the two council members, the more absurd it is—as a principle. If boards and commissions, working without pay as contributions to public welfare, are doing that work well and are willing to continue, objection to their perpetuation just doesn't make sense. It most certainly doesn't make sense in a town where it is like pulling elephant's teeth to find citizens with willing hands and minds for public service.

If self-perpetuation of boards and commissions is the wrong policy then perpetuation of faculties of schools is the wrong policy. On the contrary those teachers who have had actual service training in their work are urged to continue with that work. It should be so with any service, private or public.

There have been times when THE CYMBAL has felt that new blood is desirable in certain municipal boards, but to protest re-appointments on those boards just as a matter of principle is a peculiar mental twist we don't want to be charged with.

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BEER SELLING WILL BE BAD AT NEW BOWLING ALLEY

With most of our mind on the prospective pleasures of the boys and girls, young men and young women of the Peninsula, it is with deep disappointment that THE CYMBAL learns of the proposal to sell beer on the premises of the very fine bowling alleys and pool hall now being constructed in Monterey.

With a portion of our mind on the prosperous conduct of that business by the individual who is starting it we herewith register the opinion that this beer-selling proposal is a bad mistake. There is consider-

(Continued on Page Two)

CARNIVAL DAY TODAY; MANY BIG EVENTS AT SUNSET

TODAY IS CARNIVAL DAY IN CARMEL.

The big event, staged this year as usual on the Sunset School grounds, is engineered and hilariously conducted by the Parent-Teachers' association to swell its pupil welfare fund.

There is no need for us to go into details about it.

We don't want to spoil your ecstatic surprise by giving you much information about the opportunities for your pleasure which are to open to you down there.

We simply want to say that this year the carnival will be bigger and better than ever before. From Freddie Nagel's orchestra and the Kampus Kats, who will provide the music for dancing and everything in the auditorium, to Milt Latham's "Schnitzelbank," it will be a grand affair.

The Carmel Players will stage a show, there will be Ruth Austin's dancers, and those of June Delight. There will be unbelievable freaks on display. There will be ponies from Lynn Hodges' stables and a donkey from Bettie Greene's. There will be concessions, and hot dogs, and soda pop and chewing gum and gypsies and—

Well, the whole affair will start with a parade of the school children in every kind of costume imaginable, at 1:15 p.m., winding its way through the business streets and luring you to its final destination—the carnival grounds.

You will just have to follow.

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G.O.P. Women In Annual Dinner

The annual dinner of the Women's Republican Club of the Monterey Peninsula was well attended last Tuesday night at Pine Inn, with candles and flowers on the tables giving a festive feeling to the affair.

Mrs. Jessie S. Williamson, guest speaker from Berkeley and state president of the Republican women, talked on "Women and Politics." Other speakers were William E. Gould of Pacific Grove, John Jordan of Carmel, member of the central committee, and Anne Woodall of Berkeley, state vice-president of the club.

The new officers are Mrs. W. F. Gloeckner of Seaside, president; Miss Edith Dungan of Pacific Grove, vice-president; Mrs. Robert Bratt of Seaside, recording secretary; Mrs. P. A. McCreery of Carmel, corresponding secretary; Mrs. P. W. Reel of Monterey, treasurer, and Mrs. W. R. Moore, auditor. The four new directors are Miss Alice Work, Mrs. M. L. Brenner, Mrs. Daisy Taylor and Mrs. Louis Manning.

A $2600 RADIO JUST COULDN'T HANDLE THIS

Here we are again: That two-way police radio system, when we get it, is going to take a lot of punishment. Look what it would have been strained to the utmost to handle this past week:

May 5—Report of lost bracelet. Street lights out. Dog, tied to tree, barking like the devil.

May 6—Vacuum, or complete static.

May 7—Report trout poles stolen from automobile. Somebody lost or left a purse in a tap room.

May 8—Drunken driver. Garbage on lot to be removed. Magazine solicitor cashed a forged check. Suspicious character behind an automobile. Bunch of guys try to sleep on beach. Bob wakes 'em.

May 9—Report somebody camping on private property. Street lights out.

May 10—Complete static.

May 11—Boy's nice blue coat reported lost, and a baseball glove along with it.

Page N.B.C., C.B.S., and the B. B.S., for that matter.

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DON'T FORGET TO VISIT THE NEW SCOUT HOUSE TODAY

Don't forget to visit the new Scout House at Eighth and Mission streets some time this evening.

The boys of Troop 86 will welcome you there any time after 6 o'clock and show you what they, with their own hands, have accomplished during the past six months, laboring four hours on each Saturday. You'll be surprised.

At this writing (Thursday morning) THE CYMBAL has $38.50 toward its desired $50 fund to buy special camp equipment for the boys in a sort of material expression of congratulation on their successful construction efforts. We'll let you know next week how we finally came out.

But go visit the Scout House this evening—sure!

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PERRY NEWBERRY'S ASHES SCATTERED ON THE SEA

The bay was quiet last Sunday morning. Its rumpled surface had been delivered fresh and smooth, capable of mirroring a cloud or two. Its edge of foam was small and unbroken.

This was the day that Ida Newberry had been waiting for. She went out from Stillwater Cove in a small boat, out beyond the line of rocks to a spot facing the long white line of beach that is Carmel. Quietly, in sunlight that broke momentarily through the fog to turn the water to vividness, she scattered the ashes of Perry Newberry.

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Candid-cameraman Al Sparks caught Fred Burgh in the middle of the stream with an over-growth of whiskers and an exasperated expression on his face. The result will be shown at some future meeting of the Carmel Camera Club.

HIGH SCHOOL BOARD TO MOVE AT ONCE TO BUY HATTON SITE FOLLOWING 438 TO 62 VOTE OF APPROVAL BY CITIZENS

Negotiations for the purchase of 22 acres of the Hatton Ranch property, across the San Simeon highway, for the site of the Carmel High school, will be started next week between the district board of trustees and the Carmel Land Company, agents for the property.

This proposed action follows the registered approval of the citizens of the district of the board's previous unanimous vote in favor of the Hatton ranch site.

By a vote of 438 for the Hatton site to 62 for the Paradise Park site, at an unofficial poll conducted last Tuesday, the district gave the trustees popular endorsement of its decision in favor of the former location for the high school. A total of 501 votes was cast, but one ballot registered a voter's objection to either of the two sites on which the school trustees had options, and was therefore not counted.

Following the announcement of the result of the poll, Mrs. Doris E. Watson, president of the Carmel High school board of trustees, expressed her pleased surprise at the comparatively large number of citizens who recorded their preference.

"Speaking for the board," she said, "We are gratified that such a large percentage of citizens expressed their opinions and, of course, we appreciate the approval the majority gave to our own decision as to the most desirable high school site."

Mrs. Watson also said that there is still high hope on the part of the board that PWA assistance, to the extent of 45 per cent of the total cost of the site and initial high school plant, will be forthcoming. She said that a PWA official was in Carmel last week and informed the board that a check-up of present applications on file for PWA aid was being made and that it is expected a

(Continued on Page Three)

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Professor Talks On Shipping Tonight

Prof. J. Hugh Jackson, head of the graduate school of business, Stanford University, will address the Carmel Business Association tonight at Pine Inn. His topic is "The Future of American Shipping," discussing the government's plans to build up our present merchant fleet. The government program will cover a period of several years and mean an expenditure of around $500,000,000, designed to give us a first class merchant marine and an adjunct to national defense. Prof. Jackson's connections with the National Shipping Board and his work on the board of the reorganized Dollar Steamship Company give him practical knowledge of this extensive national program.

The meeting is at 8 o'clock. Business people who carry imported goods, shoppers who buy them, everyone who has been affected by shipping strikes in the past, and parents with boys who look out to sea are cordially invited.

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Players To Discuss Affairs Sunday

A general meeting of the Carmel Players will be held this Sunday night, May 14, at 8 o'clock in the Green Room. Discussion and decisions in regard to summer plans is the idea.

The Players' contribution to Sunset School Carnival will be the presentation of "Plain Jane," a one-act play by A. P. Herbert, and "Noah's Animal Circus," the latter to be put on with extempore cooperation of the Sunset audience. Harry Perkins' lifelike masks will make their first appearance on the Sunset stage. Besides all this, young Barbara Burstein and her brother will give a musical number.

The Green Room has set aside the evenings of May 20 and 21 for presentation of "Plain Jane" in the Green Room. The full bill for these two evenings will be announced later. The cast of "Plain Jane" includes Mary Ackroyd, Katharine Littlefield, Gene Watson and Harry Perkins. Dorothy Stephenson is directing.

Hospital Marks Nightingale Anniversary

Today is the anniversary of the birth of Florence Nightingale, world-famous pioneer in the field of nursing, who, at the outbreak of the Crimean War, after having overcome tremendous opposition, set out for the front with 37 nurses. She is recognized as the forerunner of organized nursing for women.

In honor of her hospitals throughout this country, England and Canada are holding "Hospital Day." At the Peninsula Community Hospital the doors will be open to the public from 2 o'clock until 5 in the afternoon, the various rooms will be open for inspection, and tea will be served.

On Sunday night at All Saints' Church, the registered nurses of the Peninsula Community Hospital are to hold a candlelight service, open to the public, at which Miss Nightingale's memory will be honored.

Lynda Sargent's "Clanging Cymbals" on Page 7 in this Issue

able money in nickels and dimes to be garnered by such an establishment from the young people of this Peninsula community. Bowling and pool and billiards are in themselves games of skill which form most desirable recreation and provide healthy training and excitement for those who participate in them. The parents of the children of the Peninsula should and undoubtedly would welcome the opportunity such a place would provide for the pleasures of their boys and girls. But they will not and can not take advantage of this opportunity if the atmosphere of the surroundings into which they send their children tends to destroy on one hand what it builds up on the other.

"Only beer," we are told. "There's no harm in that."

Which means to imply that beer is an innocuous alcoholic drink; that where only it among the alcoholic drinks is sold, there is no trouble that invariably attends general unbridled drinking.

That is just a lot of nonsense, and those who utter it know it is nonsense even better than the teetotaller or the head of the Anti-Saloon league. It may not come as often; it may not be as constant, but to a degree there is just as much trouble in a beer-selling joint as in a tap room with an unlimited franchise. And the atmosphere is just as bad for the young boy or girl.

Therefore, this new bowling alley and pool room owner, planning an elaborate and well-appointed establishment as he is, will lose money, not make it, by selling beer. He will lose the custom of boys and girls whose parents will not permit their children to frequent the place, and he will not make any more because he has beer for sale. Men and women who are nuts on bowling and pool and billiards do not need to be lured to the alleys and the tables by beer. Coca Cola will do them just as well. And, incidentally, if there is one thing in all the world that has no proper place in and around games of skill, alcohol, in any form, is it.

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SCHOOL BOARD GETS SIGNAL TO GO AHEAD AND BUY US A SCHOOL SITE

One internally-stormy afternoon, about two months ago, the humble editor of THE CYMBAL rose slowly, but with that rare dignity which is his, from a chair in the library of the Sunset School and addressed to Frank Shea, member of the board of school trustees, in session at the time, this question:

"Mr. Shea, way down deep within yourself, aren't you convinced that the great majority of the citizens of the Sunset school district favor the Hatton Fields site against the Paradise Park site as the location for Carmel's future high school?"

It isn't of importance what Mr. Shea's answer was. It isn't at all important that THE CYMBAL editor asked the question. He was merely stating in the form of a question what was self-evident then and what was convincingly proved at the poll of the district voters last Tuesday.

And that poll was certainly convincing. A total vote of 500 citizens in such an unofficial effort to obtain the opinion of the citizens of the district is surprising. It manifests the interest that has prevailed since the very start of the district's efforts to establish a high school district and build a high school of its own. More than that, it manifests a continuance, a persistence of that interest.

Estimating that there were 1800 citizens eligible to vote last Tuesday, the 500 vote polled was about 28 per cent of the total. That's an extremely big percentage for such a poll. The vote cast was 151 in excess of the number voting at the recent library bond election, with 1400 eligible voters. It was more than half the total vote polled at the high school bond election. It was only 300 less than the total vote cast at the Monterey city election last Monday, and Monterey's registered voters number more than three times those of the Carmel high school district.

And it was a vote of the district's best citizens. Cast your eye over the voting register kept during the poll and you will discover thereon a remarkably high percentage of the names of residents of this community who have been known for years for their unselfish service to public welfare.

Furthermore, to anyone who makes the charge that the result of this poll is a minority expression of opinion, we make reply that the polls were open for 10 straight hours through the day. Those who did not express their opinion had no one but themselves to blame. There was no campaign to keep them away. There was no drive, as far as we can learn, to drag them to the polls. The entire district was given an opportunity to make its wishes known. It has done so exactly in the way it chose to do so.

With those who charge that the matter was not fairly presented to the people we have little patience. No issue that has ever come before the voters of this community has been more clearly understood than that of this high school site. There is the charge of some of those who have favored the Paradise Park location that the cost to the taxpayers to build an adequate plant and provide safety on the Hatton Fields property will be comparatively greater than on the Park site. It is undoubtedly true that an underpass beneath the San Simeon highway will cost money, probably more money than has been estimated. It is true that police service will cost more than if the site were at the present time within the city limits. This is also true of fire protection and consequently of insurance rates. But THE CYMBAL believes that the taxpayers who went to the polls and voted for the Hatton Fields site Tuesday were conscious of these facts and that they weighed the probable extra cost of these things against the welfare of the future high school pupils of the Carmel district. We believe that they reasoned as we do: that the Paradise Park site is both too small and unsatisfactorily shaped for a site for an educational institution which must grow in attendance and physical service required from year to year. We believe that they visualized the situation ten, twenty and thirty years from now, and saw that of the two locations offered the school board the Hatton Fields site alone measured up to the requirements of an indefinite future.

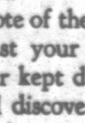
As for the fire and police protection it cannot be long before the fast-growing northern section of Hatton Fields will become a part of the city of Carmel and the high school site along with it. As for the cost of an underpass it is an immediate need at the Hatton Fields site and would be an evenual one at Paradise Park when, as would surely be required, that portion of it south of Ocean avenue became a location for school buildings or play fields.

We believe that the people Tuesday spoke wisely at the polls and that they spoke after knowing full well the responsibility they were assuming and all the facts concerning the issue on which they voted.

That's that. The Carmel High school board may now go ahead with its negotiations for the purchase of the Hatton Fields site for the high school, sure and confident that it is acting as the taxpayers of the district and the parents of future high school pupils in the district want it to act.

—W. K. B.

DOG DAZE— AND KNIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The blackbirds are greatly chagrined by the quarantine. They declare that it has taken away all their fun. In former years they had a merry time each spring harassing the dogs. If a dog came near a blackbird's nest, the bird would gleefully swoop down and peck him soundly on the back. Usually he was assisted by all his blackbird neighbors. It was great sport for the little fellows. It gave them a great feeling of superiority and self-esteem.

But, alas, this spring there are no dogs running around to chase. The poor blackbirds have to be content with plaguing the squirrels and a few hapless cats that happen by, but real fun is gone.

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The debonair young fellow seen riding around in the grey Rolls Royce is *Pongo* Beesley, a thoroughly charming Englishman. He is a Dalmatian and is staying up the Carmel Valley with his master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Beesley of London. They drove out from New York, *Pongo* occupying the entire back seat of the Rolls Royce.

Pongo is dapper in a smooth black and white coat of the latest Bond Street cut. His smart attire and handsome physique make him a great favorite with the ladies wherever he goes. They are completely intrigued with his worldly air.

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Lady Loyal Walton, a charming silver-haired matron, visited here the other day with her mistress, Mrs. George W. Walton of San Mateo. They were making a garden tour of the Peninsula. *Lady Loyal* is very enthusiastic about gardening. She knows the names of all the garden implements and tools and loves to help her master when he is working in the yard by bringing him the tools he asks her for.

The Walton garden is very lovely and *Lady Loyal* is so proud of it that she follows visitors around to see that they don't pick the flowers. If one reaches out to pick off even so much as a tiny bud, *Lady Loyal* gently, but firmly, takes the erring hand in her mouth and leads the culprit away.

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That white dogwood blossom *Alf* Miller has been wearing so gaily on his collar was a remembrance sent him by his pal, Don Blanding, who is in Honolulu now. Don enclosed a card with it that said something about every dog having his day and his flower too.

Alf thinks the flower is very pretty and tried to wear it Hawaiian fashion, tucked behind his ear (the left one), but it wouldn't stay there.

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Skippy Moreland, who is sojourning at Hermosa Beach with Bob and Mae Moreland, celebrated his eighth birthday as the guest of honor at a dinner party at the Hermosa Biltmore. It was quite an affair, held in the main dining room and included a shower of gifts and the presence of two news cameramen. Only once each year is *Skippy* permitted to eat cake and this is when he gets a big piece of his own birthday cake which he puts away promptly, including a candle or two that goes with it.

Evelyn Laye in "Princess Charming" At Filmarte Sunday;

Evelyn Laye comes to the Filmarte Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, May 14, 15 and 16, in "Princess Charming," a tuneful romance from the Gaumont-British studios. She plays the part of a princess idolized by her people, but becomes the object of hatred when a faction gains control and poisons the minds of her subjects. The revolution comes just when she is preparing to leave her small principality to become the bride of the king of an adjoining state. The king happens to be too occupied with a favorite to aid her, but dispatches a sea captain to get her out of the clutches of her subjects. The only way this can be done is for the captain to marry her himself, and thus change her nationality. From this point on, the drama of "Princess Charming" swings from intensity to hilarity.

Henry Wilcoxon, who created a sensation as *Marc Antony* in "Cleopatra," is here co-starred with Evelyn Laye.

"Son of Mongolia," which plays from Wednesday through Saturday at the Filmarte, was made in Mongolia with a native cast. The picture is exotic, charming and well done. The film has an original score of Mongolian melodies.

The fairy-like story concerns the wanderings of *Tseven*, a herdsman, who feels that he cannot win the affections of *Dulma*, a pretty shepherdess, unless he becomes a hero.

The players are all members of the Mongolian State Theatre of Ulan-Bator.

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The work of Viola Russ McBride (Mrs. Rex) and Bob Edgren has passed the jury over at the Carmel Art Association and they are now eligible to become active members with the privilege of submitting their work to hang in the monthly shows.

The
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Board Negotiates For Hatton Site For High School

(Continued from Page One)

number would be eliminated and Carmel's bid, now on the approved list, moved up several rungs on the ladder. It appears that since the temporary halt in PWA grants, many projects have been abandoned or have been handled without government aid.

It is understood that at the conference with Carmel Land Company officials next week, the board will endeavor to obtain a long-term option on the canyon which adjoins the high school site on the east. It is hoped that at some later date this can be acquired for the football stadium and other athletic facilities. In the meantime, temporary provision for such athletics will be provided on the southern and eastern parts of the present site.

The board is now awaiting decision of the Monterey Union High school trustees on Carmel's application for continued attendance of her 10th, 11th and 12th grade pupils for the next year in Monterey High. It is proposed, as outlined in THE CYMBAL last week, to take care of the three junior high grades in Sunset School for the next school year.

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Bach Festival Notes

The Fifth Annual Bach Festival announcements, fresh off the presses of The Carmel Press, are being mailed far and away this week by the Denny-Watrous Management, executive directors of the Festival. This means that from this date on the country will become Bach Festival conscious. From what reports we have so far received from Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, this year's Festival will be grander than ever. And, of course, one of its features is, if we may be so immodest as to say so, THE CYMBAL's annual Bach Festival Edition, out July 14, which will be even bigger and more beautiful than in previous years.

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Gastone Usigli begins his commutation trips between Carmel and Los Angeles next Sunday when he will hold the first Bach Festival rehearsal.

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The chorus will rehearse at 7:30 o'clock on Sunday night in the music room of Sunset School. All who are interested in singing are invited to participate.

Among the internationally-famous musicians who will participate in Carmel's Fifth Annual Bach Festival, July 17 to 23, Gastone Usigli conducting, is Ary van Leeuwen, flutist.

Ary van Leeuwen was for many years the first flute of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. While in that position he played as solo flute with the Berlin Orchestra under Arthur Nikisch, and with many others. In this country he was for many years the first flute of the Cincinnati Orchestra, and his name is known wherever great flute playing is to be heard.

Van Leeuwen will appear with Miss Alice Ehlers, harpsichordist, in the Festival's opening program, and on the following night in C. P. E. Bach's famous sonata for unaccompanied flute.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacGillavry entertained the Herman Crossmans and the Howard Monroes at their Pebble Beach home last Friday night. *Reichstoeffle*, a famous and delectable Dutch dish, was served.

ELECTION SO-HIGHLIGHTS

There just have to be highlights in an election. Certainly there have to be highlights in this most recent one of ours. We pondered over the situation Tuesday evening while the most efficient Bill Overstreet, Mabel Hart and Beth Sullivan were counting the ballots. Herewith are the splashes of blinding glare we got out of it:

Doris Watson, chairman of the school board, was the first to vote.

Hugh Comstock, member of the board, was the last to try to vote. But he didn't make it. Hugh burst through the Sunset school library door at exactly 7:00:52 p.m. and too late. He had just gotten back from up the valley on a business date.

Frank Shea didn't vote.

Paul Flanders voted No. 54.

Catherine Morgan voted 30. That's the Carmel Land Company's telephone number.

Ruth M. Barrows voted 63. That's Barney Segal's telephone number.

Pon Chung just missed it. He voted 62. That's the Paradise Park total.

The ballot not counted bore the notation: "Some other site" and an "X" after it.

There were actually 501 ballots cast. Leonard Johnson was the last under the wire, voting 501.

Dora Comstock voted 101; Rhoda Spafford, 111; Alma Ruhl, 222; Russell A. Jones, 333; and Leslie H. Crane, 444.

Adolph G. E. Hanke didn't vote.

Una Jeffers voted 214 and Robin, 215.

Mayotta B. Comstock (Mrs. Hugh) voted.

Ranald Cockburn voted 108.

Charles Van Riper didn't vote.

Barney Segal voted 255.

Wanda Leslie cast the 13th ballot, and Fritz Wurzmann the 500th.

This Spring Water Color Show Now On At Carmel Gallery Has Lot of Zest

A spring water color show is like the first Bermuda onions of the season, complete with cucumbers. It has that much zest. The one now on the walls of the south gallery at the Carmel Art Association, to stay until the first of July, is exciting and stimulating enough for any of you, so don't put off going until it's too late. They've hung it cool-ly, with plenty of space around each picture, and the mediums are not confined to water color, either. You'll find pastel, crayon and charcoal among them, and enough contrast in subject material and method of approach to satisfy even the eclectic taste.

Here you'll find a new John O'Shea, proof that since the O'Sheas moved from the Highlands Pebble Beach, John has discovered material to inspire him to paint one of his really great things. It is called "Hollow Tree," and in it you'll find a real intoxicant made of amazing color and the exciting rhythm of his design. This time, O'Shea didn't become bored with it.

In "Light On Carmel Valley," James Fitz Gerald has focussed his attention on a small space and given us seven and a half hens and a rooster in spectacular composition that is a bonafide gasp-producer and leaves me feeling anew that Fitz Gerald is one of the greatest water-colorists we have.

Phil Nesbitt has two small illustration-type of colored drawings, the frames London-made and interesting, that add considerable interest to the walls. Alberte Spratt has exposed the genital organs of a yellow Calla Lily for our delectation and delight, Jennie Vennerstrom Cannon has contributed an archaic conception of Carmel Mission, executed in ink and water color, and Dr. Margaret Levick's bowl of zinnias is warm, rich and fragrant, so, you can see the range of appeal is wide enough to include us all.

Royden Martin, the young Carmel Valley artist who is being mentioned around, has two compositions which are particularly interesting if you know of his youth and lack of technical training. I'd like to suggest a year's dose of the latter, and then see what can happen. The boy has talent, all right, and bouquets to the Carmel Art Association for their magnanimity in encouraging students to the point where their work receives the same consideration as does the work of, shall we say, Armin Hansen? It's okay with me, if the artists themselves approve of it. But I should think a small room, devoted to a non-juried show of student work, would be a more logical answer to their desire to encourage beginners.

Others among the artists who are exhibiting in the south gallery right now are William Watts, Ferdinand Burgdorff, Leslie Wulff, Alvin Beller, Mary C. W. Black, Bruce Ariss, Burton Boundey, Percy Gray, Armin Hansen, Laura Maxwell, Gene Francis and August Gay.

—MARJORIE WARREN

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Mrs. Ida Teichert of Los Angeles, on her way to the Fair, stopped off in Carmel for a few days' visit with her friends, the Gustav de Packhs.

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Young Men Seek Aid of Public For Club

With a nucleus of $100 appropriated by the city council, and a citizens' committee agreeing to underwrite between $700 and $750 of the total cost, the members of the Carmel Youths' Progressive Association (that's a hell of a name) started out this week to raise a necessary balance of $250 to pay for materials for their proposed recreation center.

THE CYMBAL is pleased to report that the first day the sum of $40 was obtained—$20 from Kip Silvey, $10 from Steve Patterson, and $10 from a public-spirited citizen who is unduly modest.

The organization, sponsored by a committee headed by Councilman Frederick R. Bechdolt, has been offered all plumbing fixtures at cost by J. Weaver Kitchen, and Weaver will provide the labor free for their installation. The Belvail Electric Company has made the same offer as to necessary electric equipment and wiring. M. J. Murphy, Inc. has put a very low price on lumber needed, with three years to pay, and no interest. The carpentry work will be done by the club members themselves.

It has not been finally decided where the club will be located, but the quarters above the Carmel Dairy at Ocean and Mission will probably be selected.

If you want to assist these young men in what is without question a most worthy cause for the community at large, THE CYMBAL will be glad to accept contributions to their initial fund.

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The power behind a CYMBAL Classified Ad is enormous.

PISTOL CLUB IS HOLDING TROPHY MATCH TONIGHT

The Carmel Pistol Club is staging a very special slow-fire match tonight at the range in the Carmel Garage basement. It is for the 1939 Lewis trophy. Tentatively a match has been arranged with the Santa Cruz Pistol Club for some time early next week.

FILMARTE Carmel 7:00 • 9:00

ENDS SAT
The Saucy Sophisticated Satire
STORY OF A CHEAT
with Sacha Guitry

SUN • MON • TUES
Evelyn Laye
PRINCESS CHARMING
Glorious Melodies

WED TO SAT
Enacted by Native Members of the Mongolian State Theatre
SON OF MONGOLIA
"Brilliant" says Nation

CARMEL THEATRE

FRI. SAT • May 12, 13
George Brent, John Payne
Olivia de Havilland
WINGS OF THE NAVY
Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland
Boy Trouble

Sun. Mon. Tues • May 14, 15, 16
Shirley Temple
THE LITTLE PRINCESS
in Technicolor

Wed. Thurs • May 17, 18
Louis Hayward, Joan Fontaine
Richard Carlson
DUKE OF WEST POINT
John Barrymore, Virginia Weidler
Peter Holden
The Great Man Votes

For . . .

MOTHER'S DAY

BRING "HER" AND THE FAMILY OUT FOR DINNER

Then . . .

A Box of Our Fine Chocolates to Take Home with Her (and you)

WILLIAMS'
Restaurant • Fountain • Candies
OCEAN AVENUE

The Carmel Cymbal
ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

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Emma Evans and Pupils Give Recital

Emma Evans, Carmel concert pianist and teacher, appeared in joint recital with her pupils last Sunday night at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. More than 85 people were on hand to hear the first public performance of Hal Garrott's "Squiffer Suite," the numbers of which were divided up among Mrs. Evans' pupils during the first part of the program, and played in its entirety by Mrs. Evans herself at the end of the last part.

Mrs. Evans also played the Liszt transcription from Verdi's "Rigoletto" and her audience responded vigorously to a performance that revealed a sure musicianship, and an inspired understanding of the music she was interpreting. Mrs. Evans, whose main interest and enthusiasm is devoted almost entirely to her pupils, should be prevailed upon to favor us more frequently.

She herself was thrilled with the work of her pupils and the audience was unanimous in saying that it was the best student recital they had ever attended. The children themselves were so good to look upon, were so happy in their desire to give of their best, and were so entirely unselfconscious. Added to the fact that their performance approached the professional in quality was the knowledge these were the children of our friends and neighbors, many of them holding a special corner in our affections. It did make a difference.

Among those who shared in this program were Jerry, Jack and Jeanie Williamson, Patricia Flynn, Donna Hodges, Fordre Fraties, Margaret Miyaki, Norma Shotwell, Doris Evans, Dorothy Sue Tenesfeldt, Rovelle Ferguson, and Dorothy George.

Dorothy Sue Tenesfeldt read the synopsis of the story of *Squiffer*, Jeanie Williamson gave brief biographical sketches of Schubert, Rubenstein and Verdi, and Jackie Williamson told the story of "Crossing the Plains" as a preliminary to their piano playing.

Cookies and punch were served to the accompaniment of enthusiastic praise. It was too good a thing not to have happen again, and soon. —M. W.

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Isleton will stage its annual Asparagus Festival May 20 and 21, reports the California State Automobile Association. Boat races and sports events will feature a carnival prompted by the importance of the asparagus crop to the region. Canneries will be open for public inspection.

THIS THING AND THAT

INVOCATION TO SPRING, as man to man

Swing it, Spring!
You green-tipped king
Of bursting bud and new-fledged wing,
  Get beneath the epiderm
Of Isaak Walton's angleworm;
  Make him climb upon the hook
And land a fish for each good cook.
  Summon forth our baseball bats.
Do your stuff with women's hats.
  Safe in mothballs' cleanly stink
Make Hildreth hang her winter mink.

Restore the leaves to naked trees,
And spare us all the season's sneeze.

—EDITH FRISBIE

WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

MARYETTE LUM

Miss Maryette Lum has been the guest of Berta Metzger this past week. Miss Lum is particularly distinguished because of her success in gathering together the folk-songs of China, translating the words into English, writing music for them that manages to retain the strangeness and quaintness of the original Chinese, and yet is sufficiently adapted to our needs in this country so that our children may enjoy singing them. Moreover, she has had them charmingly illustrated by a Chinese artist and bound in book form, and the result is quite beautiful. The collection will be published in Los Angeles by Sutton House, probably in June. One of their difficulties has been finding the Chinese characters, as both the Chinese and English words are written under the music.

Maryette Lum was born in Los Angeles, but for 22 years has taught music in a Chinese girls' high school in Pekin. She is now on sabbatical leave and has been spending her time up and down the state giving Chinese musical programs for China relief, and working on orchestrations in Los Angeles. Her programs have been given in Pasadena, Santa Monica, Los Angeles, Claremont, San Francisco, Oakland, Mills College and Palo Alto. It is given by a trio: Miss Ruth Haroldson of Whittier College at the violin; Miss Adeline Veghte at the piano, and Miss Lum does the vocal. They also have with them Korean gongs, and a Chinese temple suite written for these instruments is a part of the program. A collection of rare Chinese instruments is usually on exhibition during the concert, collected by Miss Lum during her years in China.

Her brief visit in Carmel was too short to do anything about giving the program here, and we regret it. On May 22, it will be given again in San Francisco.

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HOWARD E. SMITH

Those of us who had the privilege of knowing the family of Howard E. Smith when they occupied the Lincoln Steffens house last year will be sorry to hear that Madame Jeanne Charlotte Rondelle, mother of Mrs. Smith, died at Rockport, Massachusetts, on April 13.

The notice of her death contained reference to her husband who died in San Francisco in December, 1931. His name will be of great significance to the Sabre and Foils fencing club here on the Peninsula, for Louis Francis Rondelle was one-time fencing champion of America, and for 17 years instructor of fencing at Harvard. He also taught fencing at the University of California. His book, "Foil and Sabre," is the authoritative word on fencing in this country at Annapolis and West Point, and in England. Besides his fame as a fencer, M. Rondelle was also a poet, and a noted writer on political economy. He was a cousin of Alexander Dumas.

The late Madame Rondelle was a Parisian, the daughter of Nicholas and Mathilde de Lepine Scheffer and a member of the old French family of Le Conte. She came to the United States when she was 18 years old when she married M. Rondelle.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their three children, Jeanne, Jacqueline and Howard, Jr., will, in all probability, be in Carmel again this summer. Howard Smith is a noted portrait painter, member of the National Academy, where his work has been exhibited many times. One in particular that we remember was a portrait of his daughter, Jacqueline. Jacqueline was formally presented to society last summer at the Smith home in Rockport, but when she was in Carmel she worked with Eleanor Irwin on costumes during the early life of the Carmel Players Workshop. Many of the costumes for "Make-Believe" and "Cradle Song" were partly Jacqueline's handiwork and Eleanor Irwin felt most definitely that the child had a great talent.

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ELIZABETH WOODY

Yesterday Elizabeth Woody was back at her desk at 230 Park Avenue in New York City where she is Director of Foods for *McCall's Magazine*. Last Sunday afternoon she was riding over the Los Laureles Pass in the Rancho Carmelo truck with me, and we were trying to make the *Daylight* in Salinas so that she could get to New York in time. We made it. It drew into the station the same time we did.

"Woody" came to the ranch on Thursday. For almost a month she had been traveling all over California contacting various food manufacturers, growers and canneries, accumulating information on new methods of production, on market conditions and on this year's production of crops. The result of her research will influence the food department of *McCall's* for many months to come, for it is the policy of this magazine to work hand in glove with economic trends and needs. According to "Woody," most of our nationally-bought foods are raised here in California. The time she spent at the Exposition at Treasure Island was mostly in the Food and Beverages Building, so it is easy to understand why a few days of rest were imperative before she could think of tackling the accumulation of work that awaited her at that desk on Park Avenue.

Back there Miss Woody (she's *Miss* Woody now that I have her back on the job again) supervises the work done by five economists in the three test kitchens where the *McCall's* recipes and menus are originated and tested. Their famous "How to Buy" service, a special feature of *McCall's*, would be impossible if the staff didn't get out in the field to reap their facts and figures. It means several months out of the year away from the office for all of them. The food department also maintains a "reader's research staff" which functions in the same way that the Gallup polls function, by personal interviews with the American housewife all over the country. In this way *McCall's* knows exactly which of its pages is least popular with its readers and which is consumed most avidly.

Elizabeth Woody is a Louisville native who has been so firmly transplanted in New York City that she feels it is hers. She has an apartment at Sutton Place which boasts a brief glimpse of the East River. She has been with *McCall's* for four years, but her previous experience was with advertising agencies where she worked almost exclusively on food accounts. She is a Wellesley graduate. In appearance she is distinctive; a warm brunette who carries her height proudly. She is fun to be with because her mind works quickly and brilliantly, and because her sense of humor is a delight that never fails her or us, who know her.

—M. W.

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MEASLES EPIDEMIC REACHES NEW HIGH IN COUNTY

The measles epidemic in Monterey County reached a high peak when 89 cases were reported by the Monterey County Health Department for the week ending May 6. However, 72 of these cases are in the southern section of the county, from Soledad to Parkfield, and the Peninsula seems to be getting by with only seven cases.

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Like the pine trees CYMBAL circulation covers the ocean side of the Montesey Peninsula.

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Make No Mistake
Shop at Kip's

AS THE CROW FRIES

By RICHARD L. MASTEN

MAHATMA

Once more we turn from war and hate.
We're sick of them. Besides, they'll wait.
Their permanence would seem secure.
They're always with us, like the poor.
Let's shun this loading, aiming, firing,
And seek a subject more inspiring.
For constant talk of nations warring
Has really grown a trifle boring.

A more appealing theme is handy
In peaceful little Mr. Ghandi,
Who moves reforms upon their course
Without the slightest show of force,
Or even threatening expedients
More harsh than civil disobedience,
Nor stoops to wave a sword or cutlass
To show the world he isn't gutless.

He only needs refuse his curry
To make the rulers weep and worry.
For when he fasts the lion quails
And rajahs bite their fingernails.
To them there's nothing more disquieting
Than news that Ghandi's started dieting,
And they will change the course of nations
To get him back to normal rations.

Because he craves no earthly lucre
He's not an easy man to euchre.
He's quite immune to force or bribes,
And most impervious to jibes.
And pure in spirit, calm and meek,
Wins countless battles for the weak;
A situation we would doubt,
But for the news that bears it out.

Oh Ghandi, in a world gone sour,
We wonder where you get your power!
But for your raiment we'd believe
That you had something up your sleeve.
And since this cannot be we fear
Your way to conquest is too clear.
You dare to follow the Beatitudes.
And we?—We quote them just as platitudes.

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THE COMRADE AND GEORGE

Not long ago I was handed a very interesting package. It contained (1) a certain amount of information, probably reasonably correct, on progress being made in Soviet Russia, (2) clippings from a radical newspaper giving other information, also reasonably correct, on abuses in this country, and (3) a clipping from my own column with annotations suggesting that their writer considers my efforts to promote better understanding and greater social justice misdirected and ineffectual, though doubtless well meant.

Twice the sender asks, "Why let George do it?" And behind that question is the evident thought that instead of blatting about making a success of our present system I should give it up as hopeless and work for the substitution of a system founded on different principles. I should leave my comfortable lethargy and help mankind up the hill by advocating Communism.

Now, to the writer of a department like this nothing is more pleasant than to hear from his readers, whether they agree with him or not. For if he doesn't hear from them he can't even be sure that he has any. So I want to thank the Comrade for having sent me this material.

I have never been one of those who consider a Communist a sort of monster. To me he is simply an advocate of a type of politico-economic system that differs radically from our own. I don't happen to agree with him, but I may be biased. For while it has not been entirely kind to many other people Capitalism has treated me very decently, even allowing me the leisure and the liberty to think and to express myself as honestly and constructively as my intellectual limitations permit.

And those limitations do not permit me to feel that Communism is essential to human welfare, or even that it promises more to mankind than Capitalism. I am entirely ready to admit that great and even barbarous injustices still exist in America. But I believe that they can be eliminated without any upset in our political or economic philosophy, for I believe not only that they are unnecessary to the proper working out of the Capitalistic system but that they actually hamper that proper working out.

My Communist friends may question the justice of allowing any man or group of men to control the facilities for the production of necessities, as is the practice under Capitalism. But my position is that I don't care who controls them so long as they provide the rest of us with such volume of those necessities as they are physically capable of turning out. I can't eat or wear productive facilities or shares of stock in their ownership. What I want is consumer commodities.

True, our privately-owned productive system is not creating and distributing nearly as much wealth as it could and should. Never, since the arrival of the era of potential abundance, have we even approached our physical possibilities. But it seems to me that there is better prospect of remedying this by progressive correction of Capitalism's faults than by making the difficult and perhaps bloody switch to Communism.

It is entirely a question of obtaining reasonably full production from our physical plant and available labor; of giving every man a chance to put his mind and his muscles—yes, and his capital—to work, and to obtain a fair share of the wealth which his contribution creates. If we can do this under Capitalism we will get from it everything material that we could possibly hope for from any other system. And since it is the material side of our existence that throws the spiritual side out of kilter—hunger stifling contentment, greed and fear overwhelming peace and goodwill—the spiritual side will come into its own when the burden of material insufficiency is lifted.

We can lift this burden without disturbing the ownership of anything if we will make certain fundamental adjustments, directed toward one end—elimination of the factors which now make restriction of output essential to the solvency of most concerns in good times and of almost all in bad. For most industrialists realize today that the welfare of the owners of plant is tied up inextricably with the welfare of the general mass of the population, who provide the only adequate outlet for their production. The more their plant increases the richer they become—and their plant cannot increase unless it is able to turn out and sell a constantly increasing volume of consumer commodities, the overwhelming bulk of which must be consumed by people who are not capitalists.

Make it possible for them to do this and self interest quite as much as interest in the general welfare will cause them to do it. And while some abuses will doubtless still remain they may be corrected by specific measures. We will be over the big hump, and the same paper that tells us of minor adjustments at home will probably also bring us news of some commissar shot in Russia. For in any system the human element does sometimes fail.

Defeatists will say, of course, that no possible adjustment will accomplish the broad work which I propose, and they'll give the men who is willing to spend his time and effort on the problem little credit. Those on the right will tell him that the whole trouble is with That Man in Washington and that what we need is a return to "sanity" and a few million people tightening up their belts till they just fit their backbones. And those on the left will tell him that he's just wasting his time puttering about. Strike for Communism, they'll say. Yell for Communism. Don't just let George do it.

My dear Comrade, I'm not letting George do it. While George is out calling for the Russian wrecking car I am puttering over the machinery of the American machine. For I believe in it. Even though I am willing to acknowledge that it still has many faults I believe in it. I have more faith in it today than I had in the thoughtless years that ended with 1929.

How can that be? I'll tell you. Four years ago, when for a long time my mind had been pondering continually over the problem of want in the midst of possible plenty I woke up in the middle of the night with an idea. It seemed so great to me that it sent little electric thrills running up my spine and into the roots of my hair. And there in the dark, with tears in my eyes, I smiled and said, "I think I've got the answer."

It was nebulous then. It required a great deal of working out, of thought and study and critical examination. And for four years I have labored on it with such concentration that I haven't earned one cent from my profession. I haven't time to earn money. I have something bigger to do.

And that something bigger is to arrange and present in a form that men can understand a solution to the problem of want; a solution that will be reasonable and practical; a solution that will take into consideration human failings as well as human virtues; a solution which will make effective the working of our machine economy and set all our labor and all our capital to work at the creation of wealth, that the rich and the poor may both become richer and that some day there may be no such thing as poverty.

Do I sound like a fool, Comrade? Perhaps I do, and perhaps I am one. It may be that the light I saw that night was just a will o' the wisp, that my idea will never work out or that I may never be able to demonstrate its practicality. But till I am convinced of that you and George will have to do your agitating without me. For I am too busy and too happy in my foolish work to take time off to go along with you.

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THE ELEPHANT GOT SICK

4. The Water Boy's Ride.

The donkey ride was a Real Experience. The first part of it even shook the water boy's loyalty to the elephant concession a bit. For after a preliminary dash the donkey mounted to some high ground which overlooked a desert full of mirages. And beyond the desert loomed something real—a range of blue mountains with white tips that pierced the sky—the Security Mountains!

The boy gasped with wonderment. He got a glimmering right there of the reason why people took this ride. For even he, who was prejudiced by birth and environment against all the donkey's ways and works, found this vision almost too glorious to gaze upon.

"If he takes me there," he murmured, "I'm afraid I'll have to change my opinion of him."

But even as he spoke the lane turned and led down a long hill away from the vision. And sadly the water boy realized that the donkey wasn't going to take him there.

"Well," he shrugged, "I suppose you couldn't expect him to cross that desert.

The road to better things is long
And rough and ill defined.
It's open only to the strong.
The rest must stay behind.
Must stay and wait, and sorely
grieve
That mankind is so weak.
But oh, the dreams the soul will
weave
About a distant peak!"

The donkey went on, descending into a sort of gully that had been dug out by a great many men with picks and shovels and dressed up by landscape gardeners to suit themselves.

"Not bad," the boy mused, as he observed it. "But not entirely natural and not the Valley of Abundance."

The mountains were gone entirely now—and that hurt. He decided he'd better forget them; though he knew that he never could. And while he was thankful for the vision of them that he had been given he became increasingly resentful of the fact that the donkey not only was not taking him there but had carried him swiftly beyond the point where he could even see them.

They went through the gully and then started climbing again. And he saw something ahead that brought him a momentary revival of his first enthusiasm. For though they were going in the opposite direction from the mountains he seemed to catch a glimpse of them before him, where the path made another turn.

But when he got to the turn he found that all he had seen was a picture, painted on yards and yards of canvas and intended to represent the mountains of his desire.

And it made him angry. It had its points, all right, but it wasn't the real thing. It was only make believe, and its resemblance to the real mountains was not enhanced by the many initials which various contributors to its painting had placed upon it. But he controlled his emotions and ventured:

"Our friends have done the best
they could
To paint a work inspiring,
But though in places it is good
The signatures are tiring.
They've got the peaks against the
skies,
And fairly well they've done
them.
But woe betide the man who tries
To climb and sit upon them."

He didn't stop to study the picture. The donkey didn't give him time for that. It jogged right along. And before he knew it the water boy saw the loading platform ahead of him. They had completed the circle and arrived at the starting point. The ride was over.

"Want another trip?" asked the attendant, as he caught the bridle. "Same price."

The water boy was tempted, for he did want to get another glimpse of those wonderful mountains beyond the desert. And his mind was filled with rash dreams of finding some way of getting to them.

In addition he was willing to admit, though somewhat reluctantly, that it wasn't entirely unnatural for people to prefer the motion and excitement of the little synthetic adventure of the donkey ride to staring down at an elephant in a pit that didn't always smell any too well.

But a dime was a dime. And besides, he had come here not to enjoy himself but to investigate.

So he dismounted, remarking as he did so:

"You gave me a run for my money
So I and my money have parted.
I've finished the run and I find when
it's done
That I'm back in the place where
I started.
And that sort of thing isn't funny.
Because if a trip should come
through
That's going somewhere I just won't
have the fare
If I spend all my money with
you."

+ + +

Construction of the Marsh Creek Road east of Clayton has been completed, reports the Oakland office of the National Automobile Club. Work has been under way for a couple of miles straightening the alignment, eliminating sharp turns and widening the road, materially improving traveling conditions on this route.

De Loe's
RESTAURANT

Spiffy
Tap Room
+
BREAKFAST
LUNCH AND
DINNER

Let's start with a recipe this time. Here's one from Anabel Halsey who says, by the way, that she tried the apple sauce cake for Bonnie's birthday and "it was delicious!" Well, that was good news to me because I'd have felt sad if a recipe I recommended had been used to help celebrate an Eighth Birthday—and had turned out to be a flop!

This recipe of Anabel's is called *Apple Ginger Cake* and it's a good last minute idea for dessert. Put a layer of sliced apples in the bottom of a baking pan and sprinkle thickly with sugar and nutmeg and dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until apples are tender. While they're cooking, mix this batter: ¼ cup butter, ½ cup sugar, 1¾ cup cake flour, ½ cup molasses, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, 1 tsp. ginger, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. soda. Sift flour, spices and soda together. Cream butter and sugar. Stir in egg, molasses, milk and dry ingredients and beat thoroughly. Pour over apples and bake at moderate heat about 20 minutes. Serve apple side up, with whipped cream. "Most people like it warm," says Anabel.

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I wonder if all these modern cookbooks being published, with their up-to-the-minute ideas and directions, will seem as odd in a hundred years as those which appeared in the early 19th century do to us! Perhaps our methods of buying groceries and bringing them home and carefully making them into meals for our individual families will shock and appal the young 2039 housewife—just as we shudder to read, for instance, in the "Pocumtuc Housewife" of 1805 (Marjorie Mills, in the Boston *Herald*) that "At Thanksgiving time it pays to make 75 or 100 pies and thaw as needed," and "Some families do not brew yeast every week but it's a very shiftless neighbor who has to borrow frequently." How much good home-made bread would we bother to produce if we couldn't buy those neat little square cakes of yeast! But the interesting thing is that it was possible to buy yeast cakes even 134 years ago! Says "The Pocumtuc Housewife": Fleischman, the brewer, makes quite a business of saving his beer emptins, thickening it to make cakes and selling these to people not provident enough to make their own yeast. It is said to be very good." There's the cautious New Englander for you—"said to be very good"—but you can't prove it by the author of this cookbook. She'd probably be a little surprised if she could know just how much of a business Fleischman has made of that little side line of yeast cakes prepared from his "beer emptins"!

Life in the Deerfield Valley in Massachusetts followed a certain pattern and this book was issued "for young wives not conversant with the ways of the valley and female orphans who have not had a mother's training." It's full of excellent advice and talks in terms of barrels as nonchalantly as we would mention pints and pounds! "When the team goes to Boston in winter with a load to sell, have it bring back a 50-pound fresh codfish and a barrel of oysters along with the sugar and molasses supply. It can be salted down and is much better than store codfish."

What *would* this Deerfield cook have thought if she could hear me telephoning for a 1-pound package of salt codfish!

Probably what I'd think if I could look ahead to 2039 and see the housewife go into her kitchen (which would probably go by some other name!) at 6:30 p.m., punch a few buttons and receive her ready-to-serve dinner through tubes from some central supply house. I visualize it vaguely as something like the *Automat*, with little doors labeled Roast Beef, Salad, Chocolate Pudding, etc. The Youngest Constant Eater and I sometimes discuss enthusiastically our idea of the kitchen-of-the-future and he thinks it would be swell if only there were a row of faucets from which one could turn on streams of Coca Cola, root beer, ginger ale—and good cold milk!

+

Well, Kathryn did visit that old colonial house I spoke of last week, did taste Elsa's perfect baked beans—and what a letter she wrote about it all! I know exactly what else she had to eat . . "the homemade brown bread . . the crusty-crispy-crunchy roast lamb as sweet and tender as a flake on the edges and as juicy and rich on the inside as a fillet . . the gooseberry jam and the best marmalade I've even been told of and never tasted . . bitter sweet with the orange skin chewable and the surrounding jelly meltable on the tongue. ."

I knew how it would be about the food. But Kathryn's letter brings me such vivid pictures that it seems I must have spent that week-end with her, seeing it both with her eyes and my own. . . She knows just the way to re-live for me those memories that combine to spell home! All of it wouldn't mean much to others but there are some paragraphs in every Kathryn-letter too good to keep selfishly to one's self. I can't give you as many as I would like but since this is, after all, supposed to be a column about food, I'm passing along this bit about the ride to the New Hampshire beach—because of the ice cream:

"We went through Newburyport and out over the Chain Bridge through Amesbury and the Merrimac Shore to my huge delight . . I'd never seen such a nice river except in the still life of my mind. Then to the sea and New Hampshire. It was a great pleasure for me. When I opened the car door to get out for seashells and rocks at Hampton Beach and I got my first whiff of the salt air, I felt like sitting down on the wall and weeping like Odysseus for the lost land. There it occurred to me that my homesickness for the Western Village was as much sea-blown as it was love-caught . . .

"We later went to a store and bought homemade ice-cream cones . . the cone part as well as the ice cream . . a genuine product . . such as I'll never know again. And the ice cream which Vera and I had, after due sampling—imagine sampling cones with a spoon until you found the right flavor for that cone shell waiting to be filled!—the cone which we took was black cherry and we couldn't taste the difference from fresh black cherries being frozen into an ice cream as smooth and creamy as a Borden ad . . or a memory from a hand-turned freezer and the summer kitchen some beforeteen age past. It was a blossom pink color and thickly mixed with the huge black juicy cherries which squooshed juice as you met them in the course of the next few seconds . . Right at the bottom of the cone was a last cherry, sort of wonderful, all alone, the last bite, and you knew it . . and took it as such with a certain reverence and dreamy look . ." —CONSTANT EATER

P.S. The Svensk Kaffe Stuga, which I promised you this week, I'm saving for an emergency when I need that convenient first-aid, the guest column conductor! I have a feeling that such an emergency will sneak up on me in the near future. —C. E.

+ + +

Sunset School Menu

May 15-19

Monday: Split pea soup, candle salad, macaroni with tomato sauce, carrots, ice cream.

Tuesday: Cream of tomato soup, molded fruit salad, beef stew, green beans, fruit cup.

Wednesday: Vegetable soup, cottage cheese and peaches, baked beans, artichokes, ice cream.

Thursday: Alphabet soup, mixed fruit salad, hot dogs, asparagus, gingerbread.

Friday: Clam chowder, asparagus salad, cheese souffle, beets, ice cream.

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CLANGING CYMBALS

Dear Vera:

Gingerly, I sit in cushioned unease to answer, after many good but unfulfilled intentions, your pleasant note. To thank you for it. I say, there is a time for all things and now the time has come for this, but even as I say it it sounds like an alibi. At any rate, as many times as I have said to myself, In a moment I shall answer the charming letter of the sister of dear Dorothea, the impulse did not take a protoplasmic shape until yesterday when I saw the yellow lupin bush at the gate of the Beronda place.

Now, if there is some esoteric reason why a bush of yellow lupin, riant with fresh bloom in the California dawn just where the little crooked road goes up to Allie Beronda's house, should remind me of you whom I have never seen, I wonder what it is. Perhaps if I describe it for you, you will write and tell me if you seem like that to yourself.

The sun had not yet come over the mountains and only the blush on the hardheaded poll of Marble Peak and the thin silver wedding ring of night and day at the west horizon, spoke of his coming. Five hundred feet below there was a frantic panorama of shifting fogs like so many Hollywood stagehands getting ready for a big scene, being shunted hither and here by a crew of goosenecked directors. Two thousand feet up the sleepy mountain lay and in between the bush was a suppliance for grace. As when you wake in your bed and can smell the coffee in the kitchen and all the doings of the family day beginning, and feel the quality of day on your face and sometimes, for that goodness, lift your ten fingers up.

All the slender lemon-hued digits saying the morning prayer, with small five-fingered leaves of carefully powdered green serene and palmate around them. It was the only bush in the world; the waiting, quickening star ready for her scene, for whom the world's scenery was being shifted.

There, I've made you out nothing but a jumble of greedy metaphors and I'm positive you're not that.

But the bush was quiet and spoke from the inside.

* * *

All this, however, is only a prelude to a day; prelude to the gingerliness with which I approach sitting; introduction to *Jill*, the Mule.

I don't know whether *Jill* started out with a personality yesterday dawn or if she just acquired one going to Pick Crick (my Oxford Dictionary says I may, though the forest reserve signs say Creek and to hell with them) and back. Perhaps all mules have a personality reserved only to mulishness, such as wearing their superior ears with a casual distinction and being as tender of them as a vain man with his beard; bearing themselves with the beautiful undependence of epicenity; stooping to gather up a mouthful of succulent new poison oak leaves while they are going downhill at an angle of 180 degrees and you trying to maintain a constant of something like 230 (both angular and Fahrenheit) and obey the first dictum of the stock saddle of never never clutching at the pommel. (A pommel, as near as I can make out, is a protuberance put on the front of the saddlebow for the pure purpose of temptation; a simple sadistic device on the part of leatherers.)

Well, as I say, *Jill* and I went to Pick Crick. Red had invited us. You can imagine perhaps how a tenderfoot like me feels when she has her first invitation to go out on a horse with a man who can hardly distinguish himself from a horse. I assure you my first proposal was a tame bit of haggling beside this triumph. Does the small boy come cropping out of a woman of middle years invariably? For I find the reverse is true, and just as Oliver would have felt at Red's invitation (and I did feel) so I discover in Oliver much of the grown woman.

But it is not yet time to philosophize. That comes later in the day. We have now left the matutinal splendor of Partington Ridge, all saddled and kempt in Levi's—our California riding costume of jeans and shirt—and have begun to make our way over the trail that would look, if I could draw it for you, much like a New York *Times* graph of the business cycle from about 1924. Except that there were a few flattish spots in the business trend.

Red was riding an outlaw sorrel mare, so that even from the beginning as you start to scale the Hill that Goes Over Backwards, he kept ahead of us and we felt like Queen Mary tagging patiently (but without a hat) after the king. We did admire the prancings of the mare and the fact that Red had apparently welded himself onto her, but as a pair of mulish females we had no envy all day and we got together in some sort of way to the conclusion of companionableness and by the means of a few kicks in the flank. (*Jill's* flank, praise god.)

Shall I assume that you have not ridden twelve miles on a mule over the crests and into the gorges of the Santa Lucias? In May, with the short purple lupin swailing away down to the sea and the shoulders of the high ridges already draped in gold and embroidered with paint brush, so that these mountains yesterday were giant children who had got into the attics of Asgardhr and were strutting along the shores of the glamoured Pacific with ludicrous gaudy pride all decked in baubles and cast-off finery from the old boxes and barrels of the gods.

Once we were so high and steep that we could not see the shoreline below but only the sea going in and out underneath us and a pleasant vertigo as we were on a great sailing ship came up and mingled with the hard dry pellets hurled at us by the sun. *Jill's* sure, unshod feet felt about the sharp-pebbled trail. The Man on the Horse rode on ahead, his flaming head against the flaming sky. The world dropped off and away. Small tendrils of peace, bright-leaved as the young poison oak, took their delicate hold. Mixed with the sweat and small globules of fear (for men fall and are maimed who ride here) there was the certain triumph of achieving the top of the ridge; memory of Milton, "Satan looks down with wonder at the sudden view Of all this world at once"; and the rathe starkness of the Ventanas, so you wonder if they doffed their peaked caps, what hair 'twould be on their pates.

At the top of the first ridge you have your first cigarette in the National Forest, with the specific printed approbation of the U. S. Forest Service, with your wet horse cropping a meagre blade, with the top button of your jeans undone.

* * *

Great heavens, you reflect, I left something behind.

You have tightened the belly band and ascended the jenny mule and are now riding along the top edge of this whirling sphere: the old government trail which, from the days of the conquistadors until the opening of the San Simeon Highway two years ago, was the only way to traverse this coast.

Surely, there was something I left back there besides the imprint of my posterior on the pine needles. But when you take out your mirror surreptitiously (the horseman of this apocalypse having rounded a curve ahead) to see how much powder is left, you find what it is you left behind on the trail. The face, something idiotic, something deeply and tragically privy, something courageous, that you wear around home every day. Is this the face, you say, that's graced a thousand teacups and spilt the tearless drone of dailyness?

And then you smile at your face, which may be the usual thing for *you*, but not very often for me.

What of the ridge? Bay and madrone and manzanita. Green bay tree, with fragile white bloom like a bride so proud of her great-bellied lord. Now, in May, the suave lavendar bodies of madrone, just peeled, so supple that in this moving air they wind, unwind, bow and curvet. Just ahead the pink of the sorrel horse, prancing, echoes their posturings. And manzanita . . . just the name. . 'little apple' . . . a name like myrrh. Like chrysoberyl. And pomegranate. But only a small bush with a still voice.

The giant children still march along the sill of the world at the water's edge two thousand feet below, flouncing their fantastic skirts against a slight north breeze. Sturdy and staunch the tall Ventanas halt and salute over east toward Newburyport and Henniker and each is conical, so you continue to wonder what if they doffed their caps; what if the President of the United States came by, could they still keep them on like shakos? They look a little irksome for the head on a day like this, being granite and limestone. It gives one some pleasure to remember that they, like the rest of the Santa Lucias, are creeping seaward and one day doubtless shall cast this gear aside, along with their uniform greens, and wade in the puddle Pacific.

It is an exciting world, Vera. No new england of peace in it at all. But a gigantic moving and stirring. A friend of mine said to me that in California you saw nature always making something—mixing up a brew of fog or dropping bombs of sun or throwing bouquets like a wanton at a passerby. I contended then how our thunderheads came up and made storm, but my argument was feeble, for he was right. About this coast, at any rate. And Josiah Royce (in the Commonwealth series, I think) said that he came to this place to rest but he found California herself so busy that he got all tired out trying to keep up with her.

So, here with all this unrest of beauty, you are not lulled as by our lanes of elm and green pastures of blueberry and fern . . . you rise and make some answer; "certainly," you remember, "illusion and repose is not the destiny of man."

* * *

At Cold Spring, where the forest rangers are and water comes out of the tumid belly of this earth, you drink and start downhill. Here, because the trail is well-marked, *Jill* and I sent the sorrel and his rider on their way, eager to be alone in a place so vast that we could not feel our own dwarfness and did not wish to see the littleness of any man.

Can you ever announce when ecstasy will arrive or by what bypath she will come? Nor I.

I settled my insteps in the stirrups—you do that here—and felt the tentative search of *Jill's* four feet, each for some comparatively safe spot in shale and sharp pebble and dry, dry earth. The monumentalness was left behind. Here in the unchartered land where mountain lions run at night and the restive coyotes howl; where the shadow of the buzzard is never absent and the red-tailed hawks go screeching, the mule and I came down to a little valley under the crags.

The sun was hot and shirttails out. Pleasant little runnels of sweat tickled the skin. And sabaoths of stillness walked on air.

I do not know how it is exactly, but the heightening of perceptions that comes from loneliness itself, the sway of the muscles that is not voluntary but only by dictation of a mule, the sudden cessation of the ocean's movement . . . something added, too. An unpredictable plus. Do your eyes widen and your nostrils quiver and you see everything large? And separate?

Up here are the pines with their incredible cones strewn about as carelessly as if they were not the most ridiculously big pine cones on earth. One slender small tree with twenty-five of them on the sere earth around her and benignly pregnant with ten more at her fingertips and not one of them less than a foot long and seventeen inches in circumference at the base; tossing them off as if they were sippets of progeny and think nothing of it.

Things bowed and spoke, little things and fragments of enormity. Chaparral and greasewood, so common, took on airs. Around the base of a great white oak, bluets and baby-blue-eyes kept company demurely with the big cones, and the curious hawks came low so that the sough of their wings was only an added silence. It seemed as if the world would burst with an eagerness, so that I could see whole heavens between two leaves and scraps of poetry and little whispers of wisdom were in the air . . . a spell like a caul . . .

"Now let us sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings," I thought. And I remembered: "Everything, even love—so-called—is a method of description. Yet that is not all, and if there is something more inherently, it is a mystic symbol with which one should be more than content—one should be unquestionably satisfied."

It seemed to me, looking across range after range of aggregate mountain, that after all, a life is a long thing to encompass these extremities of grace.

And all this was so sad and beautiful to me that I wept tears on the saddlebow and *Jill* stopped still in her tracks. But I must add, in indecency, that this was not out of deference to my mood but to a physical urgence of her own, which sent us hilariously cavorting off to Pick Crick.

* * *

In all this time I have neglected to say that this was, at least for the knight of the sorrel mare, a fishing trip. I do not, myself, fish. The poor things have an allergy to me which I scrupulously respect. I lay on the grass with the grasshoppers and horse flies and a small edition of selected William James, and slept until the trout came home.

But when we came down the mountain and the traipsing godchildren had put back their doodads and gone home to bed across the great bridge Bifrost and the sun made mounds of grape marmalade along the whole horizon, I was "unquestionably satisfied."

Jill and I rode up beside the sorrel mare and her rider, silently. With bouffant taffeta grace the goddesses themselves had come out for evening promenade sweeping their high-sheened skirts along the moiré thoroughfare of the sea. Over their heads, over the high back-combs of pine and madrone on the ridge above us, they drew quietly around them the delicate mantillas of the fogs.

At the hem of one of the garments, a bush of yellow lupin, folding her long fingers, whispered her vespers as far as Newburyport.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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BLACKIE O'NEAL TO STAGE "MOOR BORN" IN S. F.

Dan Totheroh's "Moor Born" will be produced next week-end at the Golden Bough Playhouse in San Francisco by Blackie O'Neal. On the production staff, as assistant stage manager, is Virginia Scardigli. It will be presented on Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, May 19, 20 and 21.

Blackie, well known in Carmel for his work in dramatics, is playing the part of *Branwell* in the production.

\+ + +

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Personalities & Personals

Mrs. Lea Lloyd has taken one of Mrs. Eleanor Yates' cottages and plans to be around Carmel for a couple of months. Mrs. Lloyd has come up from Hollywood, has registered at the Carmel Art Institute where she is drawing from life, and is particularly interested in their out-door sketch classes.

+

A surprise birthday party to which Babette De Moe's flying friends and associates over at the Monterey Airport were invited, was given by her mother, Mrs. E. C. Poklen, at their Camino Real residence last Saturday evening. A birthday cake, decorated in an aeronautical mood, complete with planes and propellors, was a feature of the evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Alton Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kane, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Montmorency, George Webb, Johnny Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Townsend and Richard M. Genius of the Chicago Athletic Club, who is at present living in Carmel and keeping his Ryan Sportster at the Monterey Airport.

+

Maude Skadan and Mark Wilmot surprised their friends last week when they announced they had been married in Reno on Saturday, April 29. They made their first official appearance as Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot at the dance given at the Carmelo Farm Center last Saturday night. Both looking very rosy and smiling they acknowledged the congratulations of their friends as the news was announced from the orchestra. Mrs. Skadan is associated with La Bonita Beauty Shop on Dolores street. She makes her home up at Robles del Rio, and is the mother of Ellen, who works in the Monterey County Savings Bank and Trust Company, and of Norman, who is a student up at Washington State College. Mark is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Mark Wilmot, old-time ranchers of Carmel Valley. The couple will make the valley their home.

+

Miss Sarah Claghorn, who recently came from Savannah, Georgia, to San Francisco to live, is at present a house-guest of Mrs. Clare French Kennedy on Carmelo at Eleventh. Miss Claghorn is a member of the Kennedy family since her brother married Jean last Sunday afternoon.

+

La Collecta held its May 3 meeting at the home of Mrs. Inez Warren and heard Mrs. Clara Louise Beller review an autobiography of the story of Cheerio. The Cheerio program began 14 years ago and was broadcast daily over KGO. Now it is heard from Radio City on Sundays at 6:30 p.m. The story of this inspirational broadcast with its beautiful music mosaics is an interesting one. La Collecta meets the next time on May 17 at the home of Mrs. John Albee. Mrs. William Chappell will be in charge of the program.

+

Katherine Craven, who has been in Carmel since Christmas visiting her sister, Mrs. Louis C. Ralston, leaves Sunday for her home in Connecticut. Miss Craven has been studying painting at the Art Institute under Armin Hansen during her stay here.

+

Rex McBride returned to Carmel from his Eureka ranch yesterday and he and Mrs. McBride and the two younger boys, Andy and John, plan to go back to the ranch either this week-end or the first part of next week, depending upon how quickly they can gather themselves together. William, the oldest son, is already up in Eureka and has been for some time. The McBrides will be away from their Carmel home for the summer months.

+

Helen Perrin came back from the south last Saturday and is back at the Carmel Art Institute looking very sweet indeed. She was called south by the sudden death of her father, O. W. Bryant, of Monrovia. Her mother, who is staying on in the south, will probably be up in Carmel either in June or July. Helen also has a brother, William Bruce Bryant, who, with his wife, is traveling in Europe at the present time and will not return to this country until next February.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Wehrane, who have been living in one of the cottages at Del Monte Hotel during the winter months, and who also spend much of their time at their Carmel Valley home, *Hill-Top*, are now in New York and are planning on opening their summer home at Manchester, Vermont, within the next few weeks.

+

Rudy Bramer's mother and brother are here. His mother, Mrs. Minna Bramer, has recently arrived in this country from Danzig. His brother, Henry, whose home is in New York City, brought her out to see Rudy, Peggy, the new baby, and Carmel. Their visit will be a comparatively short one.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burgh, who recently decided to move up into Carmel Valley for a little peace and quietness, have been doing nothing but entertain a constant stream of their friends ever since they moved into Barnet Segal's little stone house by the river. The week before last it was Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Ristine of Seattle, on the Peninsula for the Urologist's convention at Del Monte. The Ristines were in San Diego last week-end, but will probably be at the Burghs' again this week-end on their way back to Seattle. Last week-end Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harling of Los Angeles were Burgh house-guests.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kinney (Mrs. Kinney is Kay the Potter) came down from Berkeley Monday and returned Wednesday. They were guests of Ivy Van Cott during their brief stay here.

+

Mrs. Virginia Norris was pleasantly surprised last Friday when her nephew, Hays Matson of Los Angeles, and his wife, Doris, dropped in. The Matsons had come up from the south to attend the meeting of the San Francisco Bond Club in which he still maintains his membership.

+

A bridge-tea in honor of Mrs. Ellsworth Moser of Omaha, Nebraska, was given last Tuesday by Mrs. C. C. Shepard, Jr. at her Pebble Beach home. Among the guests were Mrs. Leslie Grainger and Mrs. Frank Schonfelder of Salinas; Mrs. William Dekker; Mrs. Colden Whitman; Mrs. Muriel Marsh; Mrs. Howard Munroe, and Mrs. Marguerite Moll. Mrs. Moser, who came to the Peninsula with Dr. Moser for the medical convention at Del Monte, was a house-guest of Mrs. Shepard while her husband was occupied with convention business.

+

Oliver Bassett spent the $2 he received among his birthday presents on a horseback ride for himself and his pal, Dickie Frost. They went up to Rancho Carmelo last Friday. Oliver was convinced that his horse, *Two Bits*, was the best horse on the ranch, but you couldn't convince Dickie. He rode *Friskie*, and *Friskie* was the horse he liked the best. They had a long ride up into the hills with Ted Warren, and got all they asked for: flat roads on which to gallop and narrow, precipitous trails that reached up to the hill-tops.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Alton H. Walker of Carmelo and Tenth have as their guest, Mrs. Walker's sister, Miss Sarah Rogers of Kansas City, Missouri.

+

Officers and directors of the Musical Art Club, soloists and members of the chorus, were the guests of Mrs. Margaret F. Grant and Mr. and Mrs. Roudi Partridge at the Partridge home in Pacific Grove following their Tuesday night program at the country club. A light but delicious supper was served and there was more music. Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Knox, down from Berkeley for the occasion, were warmly greeted by their friends.

+

Mrs. Harry Fry of Robles del Rio, whose pet philanthropy is the homeless children whom the Native Daughters of California have under their wing, had a Wishing Well built in her patio several years ago, and the pennies, nickels and dimes that were tossed in there with a wish have added up into a nice little sum to help this good cause.

Last Monday night the Native Daughters from all over the state met at Vichy Springs, the resort owned and managed by the Robert Salzbergers, who were formerly at Robles del Rio Lodge. A feature of the evening was the christening of their new Wishing Well, modelled on the one of Mrs. Fry, and established for the same purpose.

+

Miss Madeline Smith, popular Peninsula Community Hospital nurse, left last Saturday and is now on the nursing staff of the County Hospital in Salinas.

+

Dr. Leland Taylor Chapin, professor of speech at Stanford and familiarly just Lee to his many Carmel friends, will sail for England on the *Britannic* on June 24 to be married in Christ's Church, Mayfair, London, to Lilian McPherson, daughter of Sir Norman and the late Lady McPherson of Edinburgh. From what we hear of her, the imminent Mrs. Chapin will be an accountable addition to our now-and-then Carmel visitors. They are to be married on July 14, which is Bastile Day, you know. If there is any significance to this, your guess is as good as ours, but it is at least a refreshing idea in our jaded sphere to think of matrimony as being let out of prison.

+

LA PLAYA

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thieriot of San Mateo, frequent visitors at La Playa, spent last week-end there, bringing with them Miss Nini Tobin, sister of Mrs. Thieriot, and Paul Smith, general manager of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Last week young Lord Loughborough of London was a visitor at La Playa. He was with Gilbert Mackay of New York City, who is showing him the country. The two of them are with Mackay's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mackay. Lord Loughborough will be the next Earl of Rosslyn, Edinburgh, Scotland. He will inherit the title from his grandfather, who is the seventh and present earl.

+

MISSION RANCH CLUB

Wallace Walsh of Oakland spent several days at the Mission Ranch Club last week and is planning on being back again either this week-end, or the following one.

The Junior Group of the Y.L.I. (Young Ladies' Institute) will hold its annual Mother's Day Breakfast at the Mission Ranch Club on Sunday morning.

At the Monday night bridge tournament Salinas put Carmel completely in the shade with Mrs. R. A. Sheehy and Miss Gladys Willis coming in first, and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Peirce taking the second highest score.

+

RANCHO CARMELO

Among the interesting visitors who were at the ranch last week were the Douglas R. Radfords of South Pasadena. Doug is in the rubber business, makes everything from ladies' tights to deep sea whales. He used to go in for more conservative items until the movies got hold of him. Now his staff is so completely demoralized by their sudden intimacy with the movie moguls and their stars that they refuse to go back to anything as mundane as making hot water bottles.

Anne Ayres and Dorothy Adams, attractive socialites from Piedmont, came down for a few days of horseback riding. Mrs. Edward L. Soulé and her daughter, Lucile, of Berkeley, arrived Sunday night for a week of dude-ranching.

Among the local people who came up for Sunday were Brigadier General and Mrs. D. W. Hand, Mrs. Edna Humphrey, Barnet Segal with Mrs. Thomas Doud and Miss Anita Doud of Monterey, Larry Williams, Mrs. Linda Rooke-Ley with her small son, Peter, and Miss Virginia Curtis and her mother, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burgh, with their house-guests, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harling of Los Angeles.

Peggy Mathiot was down from Mills College for the week-end, driving up on Friday with Dittie McN. Brown, a classmate of hers from Denver. They drove back on Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Henry Tiedemann and Freddie Nagel driving up from Del Monte to deliver Nancy Tiedemann, who drove back to Mills with them.

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Shop at Kip's

BOB LEIDIG ALL AGLOW; HE'S A GRANDFATHER

Mrs. Bob Leidig tells us that the chief of the fire department, to whom she is closely related by marriage, claims that he is ten years younger since last Thursday week. Becoming a grandfather you wouldn't think would do that to a man, but the grandchild is a boy! Martin Robert, Jr., was born to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Leidig, of Calexico, California, at the Peninsula Community Hospital. Mrs. Martin Leidig and the baby will remain here until September. Where are they going to stay while here? Silly, they're going to be right with the grandparents or the grandparents will jolly well know why not. Incidentally, and only incidentally, the father ran up from Calexico the last week-end, but he had to rush back to his labors.

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DR. McKEE TO PREACH MOTHER'S DAY SERMON

"As One Whom His Mother Comforteth" is the title of Dr. Wilber W. McKee's sermon for next Sunday at Carmel Community Church on Lincoln street.

The calendar for Sunday reads as follows: The Church School meets at 9:45 a.m. The Minister's Bible Class meets at 10 a.m. The morning service begins at 11 o'clock a.m., and the Junior Group meets at 5 o'clock p.m.

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Lynda Sargent, Richard L. Masten, Edith Frisbie, Ben Schafer, Dorothea Castelhun (Constant Eater), Marjorie Warren, Jessie Joan Brown—Monterey Peninsula's outstanding newspaper contributors—exclusively in THE CYMBAL.

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Gilbert-Sullivan Program Proves Great Delight

The familiar and dearly beloved airs from several of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were heard last Tuesday night at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club when the Musical Art Club held its May meeting, an open one to which members and friends of the club responded in a large enough number to fill completely the lounge of the country club.

The program, directed by Vasia Anikiev with Mrs. Ralph Bisnett at the piano, was opened by a talk by Margaret F. Grant on the works and lives of Gilbert and Sullivan. A chorus of 18 voices presented such favorites as *And Now Gondolieri, We Sail the Ocean Blue* and *For He's Going to Marry Yum-Yum*, and supported the various soloists effectively in librettos from "The Gondoliers," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore," "Yeoman of the Guard" and "The Mikado."

A surprise for the evening came when Mrs. Grant introduced Dr. Lawrence Knox, former Peninsula resident and one of the charter members of the Club, now living in Berkeley. Dr. Knox, happy to be among this group again, sang a well-known air from "Iolanthe" and sang it very well.

Because Gilbert and Sullivan has to be acted as well as sung, first honors should unquestionably go to Edward C. Hopkins for his clever and amusing interpretation of *A Policeman's Lot is not a Happy One* with the chorus admirably supporting him. Rue Manhire, in his remarkable version of the tongue-twisting *A Modern Major General*, was complete with monocle. Dr. W. B. Williams, in that most delightful of the "Pinafore" satires, delivered *For I Am a Captain in the Queen's Navy* in a plumed hat and medalled naval jacket. As usual, Dr. Williams carried his audience into laughter from the start, and insisted, much to our delight, on trying the final verse over again after the words escaped him on the first try.

Miss Lily Walker, whose clear, sweet and true soprano I heard for the first time, sang *Poor Wandering One* from "The Pirates," and, in a duet with Albert Fallows, the utterly charming *I Have a Song to Sing-O* from "The Yeoman of the Guard."

It was a privilege to hear Andrew Sessink sing again, and the voice of Victor Giglio is certainly a valuable adjunct to the talent available to this group. Much of their program could be rated by professional standards; all of it provided an evening of delightful entertainment.

The Musical Art Club will hold its public concert on May 27 at the Green Room. Further announcements in regard to this concert will come later. —MARJORIE WARREN

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SCOUT COUNCIL GATHERS AT BARBECUE FEAST

Members of the Carmel Boy Scout council held their monthly meeting Wednesday around a couple of planks on saw-horses, in a delightful grove on Riley's ranch, with smoke from the Flanders-Brownell barbecue fire in its eyes, and putting succulent chops, fried potatoes, soup, salad, cherry pie and coffee beneath its individual belts.

Bud Crossman, high chief of the council, conducted the meeting and there were gratifying reports from scoutmasters, treasurers and Sea Scout skippers. There are big plans now being made for summer camp for the boys and this year it will be better than ever.

Elizabeth Niles On Busman's Holiday

Miss Elizabeth Niles, Carmel librarian, returned to her desk Monday, after her annual vacation which she and her mother, Mrs. Anna Niles, spent in Yosemite Valley.

It was a busman's holiday as we get it from Miss Niles' account.

It sounded as if she spent the entire 14 days reading in the Yosemite National Park Museum Library. Anyway, it's a fact that she persuaded the custodian to open the case of rare books about the valley and let her browse and even borrow. A few were the same as those she keeps in a locked case at the Carmel Library and, of course, there was everything by John Muir. But the special treat was Dr. Bunnell's "Discovery of the Yosemite and the Indian War of 1851," published in 1880.

With this book in hand, Miss Niles traced the movements of the various members of the Mariposa Battalion and gazed in awe at the breath-taking trails and the raging fords these men took all in the day's march. Our library must have a copy of Bunnell's book some day, she declared, and Le Conte's "Journal of the Ramblings through the High Sierras of California by the University Excursion Party."

NOTICE INVITING SEALED PROPOSALS

Pursuant to resolution of the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District directing this notice, said Sanitary Board hereby invites sealed proposals or bids for the following work to be done and improvements to be made in said District, to-wit:

That Camino Del Monte from the manhole to be constructed hereunder in First Avenue to Pico Avenue; Pico Avenue from Camino Del Monte to a manhole to be constructed hereunder in Santa Rita Street, and from a manhole to be constructed hereunder in Guadalupe Avenue to a manhole to be constructed hereunder in Cabrillo Street; Cabrillo Street from said last mentioned manhole to a flushing inlet to be constructed hereunder 200 feet southeasterly therefrom; Valley Way from a manhole to be constructed hereunder in Guadalupe Avenue to a flushing inlet to be constructed 300 feet southeasterly therefrom; Carpenter Street from an existing flushing inlet 25 feet southerly from the northern boundary line of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea to a flushing inlet to be constructed therein 162 feet northerly therefrom; Guadalupe Avenue from such manhole to be constructed in Pico Avenue to an existing flushing inlet 25 feet southerly from the northern boundary line of said city; Santa Rita Street from such manhole to be constructed in Pico Avenue to an existing flushing inlet 25 feet southerly from the northern boundary line of said city; Santa Fe Street from the manhole to be constructed hereunder in Pico Avenue to an existing flushing inlet 25 feet southerly from the northern boundary line of said city, and also the intersections of the above designated streets and avenues, be improved by

(a) Constructing therein six inch diameter vitrified clay pipe sewers;

(b) Constructing therein vitrified pipe flushing inlets capped with cast iron frames and covers;

(c) Constructing therein red burnt brick manholes capped with cast iron frames and covers, and containing galvanized wrought iron steps; and

(d) Constructing therein vitrified clay Tee branches and four inch vitrified clay pipe laterals from said sewer lines to the property lines fronting on all lots improved with buildings designed or used for human habitation.

All said work is to be done at the places and in the particular locations, of the forms, sizes and dimensions and materials, and to the lines and grades, and at the elevations, as shown and delineated upon the plans, profiles and specifications made therefor and adopted by the Sanitary Board of said District on April 7, 1939, and which are on file in the office of the Secretary of said District, and are more particularly described in Resolution of Intention No. 104 of said Sanitary Board adopted April 7, 1939, which resolution of intention is hereby expressly referred to for a description of the work and improvements and the assessment district upon which the same is to be charged, and for further particulars.

Notice is hereby given that serial bonds will be issued to represent assessments of $25.00 or over, for the cost of said work and improvements, and to extend over a period of four (4) years from the second day of January next succeeding the next October fifteenth following their date, which bonds shall bear interest at the rate of (6%) per annum, and shall be issued and the principal and interest paid thereon all according to the provisions of Part III of said Improvement Act of 1911.

All proposals or bids shall be accompanied by a check payable to the Carmel Sanitary District, certified by a responsible bank for an amount which shall not be less than ten per cent of the aggregate of the proposal, or by a bond for the said amount and so payable, signed by the bidder and two sureties, who shall justify before an officer competent to administer an oath, in double the said amount, and over and above all statutory exemptions.

Said sealed proposals or bids shall be delivered to the Secretary of said Sanitary Board on or before 7:30 o'clock P.M. of the 24th day of May, 1939, said time being not less than ten days from the time of the first publication and posting of this notice. Bids will be opened on said day and hour.

Dated: May 5th, 1939.

RANALD COCKBURN
Secretary of the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District.

First date of publication May 12, 1939.
Last date of publication May 19, 1939.

NEW PIANO AT LIAL'S IS CAUSE OF EXCITEMENT

There was more or less excitement this week on the upper levels of Alvarado street in Monterey when Margaret Lial and her staff unpacked the new Carlson Console. They found something to talk about. Put out by Cable-Nelson, it is a distinctive piano. Three feet high, 24½ inches deep and 56 inches wide, yet it contains a full 88-note scale. The clear resonant tones from such a compact console give a surprise to all who hear it.

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Climaxed by a 50-mile championship event, motorcycle races will be held May 21 at the track of Sacramento Junior College Stadium, reports the California State Automobile Association. Many well known racing riders will take part in the program.

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CARMEL VALLEY BARGAIN. Over 1 acre, 2 room stone house. Short time $1,250.

CARMEL VALLEY, 2 room frame house. Ample grounds, some gardening, $2,250.

WILL TRADE Carmel wooded property for Carmel Valley acreage. Telephone 171, Carmel. ELIZABETH McCLUNG WHITE, Realtor. (19)

CORNER LOT $1000—Approx. 100 ft. x 100 ft. in the best section of Carmel Woods. Open and sunny. Practically level. Has one of the larger pine trees on the corner. Ideal for a new home and FHA will make a construction loan. All Utilities and sewer connection. Monthly terms. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (19)

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY, five lots including two corner lots in Carmel Woods. All suitable for building. Complete plot for $1500. phone 303. (19)
BETTY JEAN NEWELL, Tele-

CARMEL WOODS — Fine Building lots from 60 ft. to 100 ft. frontage, priced at $400, $500, $600—a few at $750 to $1000. Restricted for homes only, with all utilities available. Sewer connection for most lots. FHA will make construction loans for a new home. Compare with values—these lots are larger for lower prices. Monthly terms. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. or SEE ANY CARMEL AGENT. (19)

HOUSES TO RENT

CARMEL HIGHLANDS house for long period lease. Reasonable rent. All modern conveniences. Suitable for 2 people. Tel. 2-J-1. (tf)

ROOMS TO RENT

ROOM AND BOARD for elderly people or convalescents with nursing care. Phone Pacific Grove 3470. (tf)

FOR SALE
Household Goods

1938 MODEL ROYAL VACUUM Cleaner. Used 9 mos. Includes larger machine and smaller upholstery cleaner and paint sprayer. Cost $50. Will take $25. Tel. 975 or address R. L. Nevin, Big Sur, Calif. (19)

HOT WATER HEATER . . . Special offer, $12.00 trade-in allowance will be made on your old non-automatic gas water heater to purchasers of our new automatic heaters. J. WEAVER KITCHEN, PLUMBING AND HEATING, Junipero at 6th. Telephone 686. (tf)

Automobiles

1931 FORD De Luxe sedan in perfect condition. Less than 45,000 mileage. Price $150. Terms. Tel. 2-J-1. (tf)

JOBS WANTED

RELIABLE CARMEL MAN wants work. Housecleaning, gardening, painting or woodcutting. References if desired. Tel. 892. (22)

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WANTED. A second-hand electric range in good condition. Tel. 649. (20)

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LOST—Pair of horn-rimmed glasses and dark slip-on lenses. Please return to Cymbal office. Reward. (19)

LOST, a silver bracelet set with red stones, somewhere between Sade's restaurant and Carmel Highlands. Not valuable but one of a pair. Small reward. Call or return to the Cymbal office. (18)

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Jean Kennedy Is Bride at All Saints' Church

Refreshingly simple pink and blue wedding was the choice of Jean M. Kennedy when she became the bride of Robert Claghorn last Sunday afternoon at All Saints' Church. The ceremony, performed by the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé, took place at 4 o'clock. The bride, in a gown of powder-blue marquisette, carrying a bouquet of Cecil Brunner roses and forget-me-nots, was given in marriage by her brother, Patrick B. Kennedy. The matron-of-honor was Catherine Gray, sister of the bride, who wore pale green marquisette and carried a French bouquet of pink and blue flowers. Myrle Wilson, intimate friend of both bride and groom, was best man. The bride's mother, Mrs. Clare French Kennedy, wore pink, and she wore a corsage of rhododendrons.

A reception was held at Normandy Inn following the ceremony. Immediate friends and members of the family, the majority of them from San Francisco, were in attendance, and there were about 50 Carmel people present, mostly members of All Saints' Guild, of which Mrs. Kennedy is a former president. Other friends and members of the family attending this wedding were Sarah Claghorn, sister of the groom; Mrs. Patrick B. Kennedy; Robert D. Kennedy, another brother of the bride, who lives with his mother in Carmel; his fiancee, Sheila Thompson of Monterey; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Harrison, who were only married the night before; William Hubbard, Alice Hamlet, Paul Rockwood, Just Rasmussen and Herbert B. Cheffins.

The new Mrs. Claghorn is the daughter of Mrs. Clare French Kennedy and the late Professor Kennedy, who for 15 years was on the faculty of the University of California. On his death in 1930, the family left Berkeley and came to Carmel to live.

The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Claghorn of Bylas, Arizona. He is associated with the Woodland Hotel in San Francisco. He and Mrs. Claghorn will be at home at 570 Merchant street in San Francisco.

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Birth Experiment On Dog Succeeds

Artificial ensemination produced two French poodles, born last week on Wednesday at Del Monte Kennels, much to the surprise of both Jim West, owner of the kennels and the person responsible for the success of the experiment, and to *Pantush*, the mother of these so-called "test-tube puppies."

The two pups, one black, the other liver-colored, are doing nicely, and are being taken care of by their foster-mother, one of Marion Kingsland's Welsh terriers, who responded to the emergency call for milk rations because of a local shortage. *Pantush* has overcome her first reaction to the event, which was one of complete blankness, and is now behaving as any normal mother would, looking high and low for her progeny. She will be allowed to have them when the weaning process has been completed.

This birth is of great interest to dog breeders. A similar experiment, conducted by Dr. C. B. Outhier of Salinas, aided by Jim West, was unsuccessful, and West hardly hoped for anything more in this case. Several of the doctors, who attended the convention at Hotel Del Monte during the week the pups were born, came over to the kennels to investigate. *Pantush* gave birth to four pups in all, but two of them were not completely developed and were still-born.

Shirley Temple Coming Sunday

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, ANITA LOUISE and RICHARD GREENE at the Carmel Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday

It's Shirley Temple again, this time in "The Little Princess," and it comes to the Carmel Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, May 14, 15 and 16.

The most impressive cast ever assembled for a Shirley Temple production supports the little star in bringing the famous classic to life on the screen, headed by Richard Greene and Anita Louise, and including Ian Hunter, Cesar Romero, Arthur Treacher, Mary Nash, Sybil Jason, Miles Mander and Marcia Mae Jones.

"The Little Princess," which, according to advance reports, has been acclaimed as Shirley's finest picture, was directed by Walter Lang from a screen play by Ethel Hill and Walter Ferris. Gene Markey was associate producer.

Set in one of the most colorful periods of English history when Queen Victoria's reign was drawing to a close, the beloved Frances Hodgson Burnett story casts Shirley as what she herself describes as a "backwards Cinderella."

When her devoted and wealthy father, an officer in the Grenadiers, goes off to fight in the Boer War, he leaves the happy child at Miss Minchin's exclusive school for girls. Later, when he is reported dead, a bankrupt, the cruel Miss Minchin takes away all of Shirley's pretty clothes and turns her into a pathetic little slavey.

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GUY KOEPP DESIGNS NEW NIGHT CLUB IN SOUTH

Clair and Verna Butts will be pleased that we are able to hang a little item about the opening of their new night club in San Luis Obispo on the fact that the place was designed by Guy Koepp, Carmel architect. We have received an invitation to be present on the opening nights, May 11, 12 and 13. If you happen to be down that way tonight or tomorrow night, you may say you're representing us, but that probably won't get you anywhere. The name is The Blue Bell, as in Monterey, and coincidentally the address is 978 Monterey street.

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A short direct route to Lake Almanor may now be made by following the new Feather River Highway out of Oroville to Belden, then northward via Longville to Almanor, states the Sacramento office of the National Automobile Club. This short-cut from Belden to Almanor is a typical mountain road, narrow, precipitous and winding, but easily negotiated by the experienced mountain driver.

Wissmueller In Final Organ Recital

The Bach Society of Central California announces its final organ recital of the Winter Series to be held at San Carlos Church, Monterey, on Thursday, May 18, at 8:30 p. m.

E. Richard Wissmueller will present an interesting group of numbers, tracing the development of organ music in the various European countries. This recital will be Mr. Wissmueller's last appearance, locally, before his transcontinental concert tour.

This recital will not be broadcast.

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Musical Art Club Names Officers

Practical proof of the value of proper parliamentary practice was evinced last Tuesday night at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club when five officers and 23 directors for the Musical Art Club were elected into office in 15 minutes. Mrs. Millicent Sears conducted the proceedings with remarkable dispatch, and the result: Roudi Partridge, president; Mrs. T. W. Van Ess, first vice-president; Eleanor Chamberlain, second vice-president; Harriet M. Baker, secretary; Mrs. W. B. Williams, treasurer. Directors are Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Abinante, Mrs. Edith Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Godard, Mrs. Margaret F. Grant, Walt Head, Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Hopkins, Estelle Koch, Mrs. Laurence Lyon, David Marrs, Elizabeth Ogier, Mrs. Roudi Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Paul, Mrs. Anne Norwood Peterson, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Raiguel, Mrs. Millicent Sears, Mrs. Bess E. Ward, Dr. W. B. Williams and Frances E. Whitehead. They will hold office for the year of 1939-40.

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The Old Tunnel, connecting Alameda and Contra Costa Counties, is again open to traffic, according to the Oakland office of the National Automobile Club. The tunnel has been closed for some time for repair and is subject to repeated closing without notice.

All Saints' Has Special Service Sunday

"Belief in God in the Present World Chaos" is the title of the sermon message to be delivered by the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé at the 11 o'clock morning service next Sunday at All Saints' Church on Monte Verde street. Rue E. Manhire will be the soloist during the offertory.

The order of the services at All Saints' Church on Sundays is as follows: Holy Communion at 8 o'clock a.m.; Church School at 9:30 a.m.; Morning Prayer at 11 o'clock a.m.

Next Sunday at 8 o'clock p.m. the Nurses' Association of the Peninsula will attend All Saints' for the Annual Florence Nightingale Service to which the general public is invited. The Rev. Mr. Hulsewé's theme for this service will be "Vows." An offertory solo, "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings" will be sung by chorister Baird Bardarson.

Thursday, May 18, is Ascension Day. Holy Communion will be held at 10 a.m.

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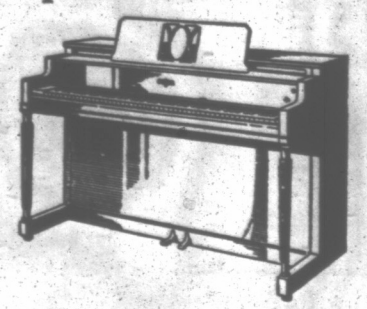

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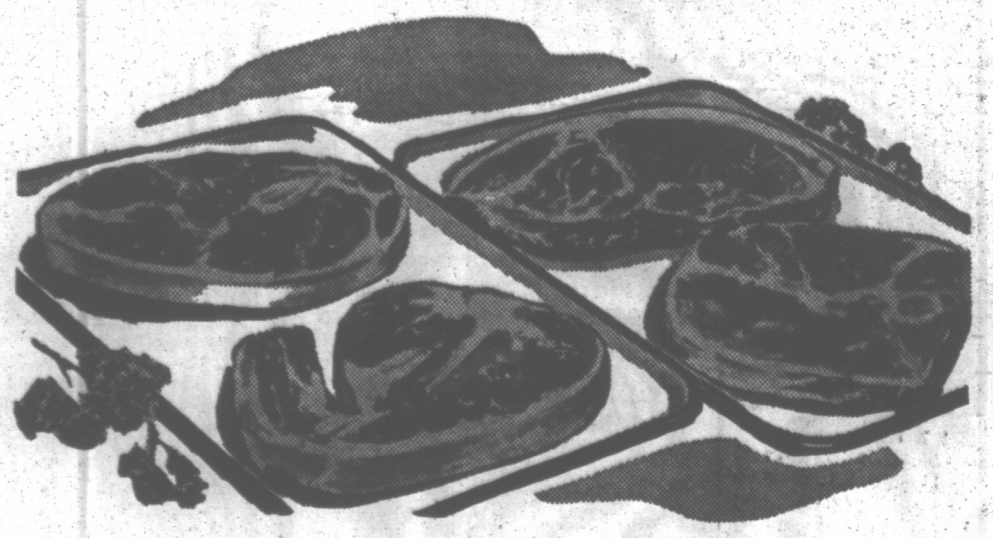

Steaks can be tender, juicy, and good. Carefully selected baby beef–properly aged in our coolers, sliced to your order–and you really have STEAKS.
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